CHAPTER 4

The female fear factory

The female fear factory is as theatrical as it is spectacular. By theatrical, I allude to its exaggerated performance in front of an audience in terms that are immediately understood. It is spectacular in its reliance on visible, audible and other recognisable cues to transmit fear and to control. Performed regularly in public spaces and mediated forms, it is both mythologised, sometimes though a language of respectability and at other times through shame.

In his essay "Rediscovery of the Ordinary", Njabulo Ndebele describes the spectacular as that which prioritises the obvious, and retains its grip on the imagination long after the encounter has passed. The spectacular is also about communicating power and legitimacy. He writes that "[w]hat matters is what is seen. Thinking is secondary to seeing. Subtlety is secondary to obviousness. What is finally left and what is deeply etched in our minds is the spectacular contest between the powerless and the powerful."

The female fear factory, which I also call the manufacture of female fear, relies on quick, effective transfer of meaning.

To normalise depends on a combination of seemingly contradictory processes: frequent repetition of performance until

the performance becomes invisible. In other words, when we see and hear something over and over again, we stop seeing and hearing it. It retreats to the background where, like static becoming white noise, we come to expect it. We come to expect it in a process of partial desensitisation. Once this happens its interruption becomes strange, dangerous and often unthinkable.

The manufacture of female fear uses the threat of rape and other bodily wounding but sometimes mythologises this violence as benefit. Under capitalism work is codified as respectability. Those who are without work are shamed while those who work are said to have dignity. To want to work redeems the worker from a fate of uselessness, dependency and laziness. Those who seek to take the factory apart, want to determine compensation or want to own their labour are demonised.

Like a real factory, it takes up public physical space, requires many bodies and different components. Like an assembly line, it involves movement with the addition of components as the belt moves seamlessly from post to post. It is a machine set to work in one direction and one that could injure those who get in the way. Interfering promises injury to any body parts that attempt to interfere with the process. It needs a power source and is a very effective process of production. Its products are for ready consumption and although harmful it finds such high circulation that it seems normal. Although the product is female fear, its products are generalised fear in all audiences.

The threat of rape is an effective way to remind women that they are not safe and that their bodies are not entirely theirs. It is an exercise in power that communicates that the man creating fear has power over the woman who is the target of his attention; it also teaches women who witness it about their vulnerability either through reminding them of their own previous fear or showing them that it could happen to them next. It is an effective way to keep women in check and often results in women curtailing their movement in a physical and psychological manner.

The manufacture of female fear works to silence women by reminding us of our rapability, and therefore blackmails us to

keep ourselves in check. It also sometimes works to remind some men and trans-people that they are like women, and therefore also rapable. It is a public fear that is repeatedly manufactured through various means in many private and public settings. This chapter, on the female fear factory explores the many sites wherein female fear is manufactured. South Africa's public culture is infused with this phenomenon.

The manufacture of female fear requires several aspects to work: the safety of the aggressor, the vulnerability of the target, the successful communication by the aggressor that he has power to wound, rape and/or kill the target with no consequences to himself. Women are socialised to look away from the female fear factory – to pretend it is not happening and to flee when ignoring it becomes impossible. Patriarchy trains us all to be receptive to the conditions that produce – and reproduce – female fear, especially when it is not our own bodies on the assembly line.

Examples illustrate best, they can work as evidence, and it is to four examples that I now turn for recognition and illumination.

In the winter of 2013, feminist Lebo Pule shared a story about being in a shop in the Johannesburg CBD where a young man harassed a young woman. It is a familiar site where violence, gender and sexuality rub up against one another. As Pule looks on, the young man tries to get the young woman's attention by calling out to her, addressing her in increasingly direct ways. When she continues to ignore him, his aggression grows, he starts to goad her.

Although she does not utter any words, she communicates her disinterest in his attention through her body language, a language that is recognisable to Pule and the other spectators in the shop, and also one clearly understood by the young man in pursuit. She does not speak back. When he persists, she walks away, all the while refusing to return his gaze.

In various ways hers is an attempt to pretend he is not there, to wish him away and to create distance between them. This clearly communicates that his attention is unwelcome. When she realises that none of this will have the intended effect, the young woman

turns around and pointedly informs him that she is not interested in talking to him and that he should leave her alone. She tells him to go away.

He says, "That is why we rape you."

An enraged Pule intervenes, interrogates the man asking him first, "How is that why you rape women?", and then "How many women have you raped?"

Increasingly the rest of the shop watches in slight shock at Pule's confrontation of the young man. They find her behaviour strange, are surprised that she intervened and will not let it go, making the young man uncomfortable.

They are so accustomed to this kind of behaviour that it is not the young man's threats that are strange, but Pule's refusal to let him continue.

The shopkeepers keep quiet.

The harassed young woman turns around and tries to console and reassure Pule, telling her "Don't get yourself so worked up, my sister, we're used to these dogs speaking like this to us. They are rubbish."

Various versions of this story play themselves out in public spaces several times a day. At the same time, there are specific special aspects to this particular incident. The first is the refusal of the young man to take 'no' for an answer. While the woman knows his is a refusal rather than a misunderstanding, she is determined to communicate her 'no' in various ways, with increasing levels of assertiveness. She is unequivocal. He cannot claim to have misunderstood. At the same time, the young woman knows that she is not safe even in this public place with several other people present. Consequently, she tries to escape first his gaze by looking away and pretending not to hear him. When this attempted symbolic escape fails, she tries to escape again by walking away, moving away from the unwanted attention.

If she is determined to reassert her refusal, he is determined to remind her of its insignificance. She cannot escape and he knows this. In case she does not know it, he will remind her. With increasing aggression, he reminds her that she cannot get away

from unwanted attention, that he feels entitled to her time, her mind and her body. When she tells him to go away, he reminds her that he does not care about what she wants. She does not matter. She is not entitled to her body. He is entitled to everything: her attention, her body, and everyone's eyes and ears in the shop.

The directness of his allusion to rape is the finishing touch. He will have her regardless of what she wants. He reminds her of his complete power and her powerlessness. The use of the plural is particularly striking here because it renders in explicit, crude language publicly what often appears only by implication: both he and she belong to types, are representative. It is the ultimate expression of men's entitlement to women's bodies: she can surrender to his advances or she can be made to submit. Either way, he has power over her.

Equally instructive is the freedom and safety this man feels to be the aggressor and to express his threat of violence in full view of various other people. His safety relies on her vulnerability. No challenge to his power will be effective, he seems to be saying. He is secure in his power over her, and others like her, because he has the conviction of repetition: nothing will happen to him, even in a shop full of people.

Pule's response is startling because it interrupts this manufacture of female fear. Unlike the other shoppers, she will not remain silent. Unlike the shopkeepers, she is not cowered. The interruption of the female fear factory assembly line is strange because it deviates from what has become normal.

The young man is stunned into silence for the first time since the encounter started. The element of surprise disarms him so effectively that he not only remains silent, but he ultimately leaves. He is surprised by the interrupted conveyer belt, by Pule's spanner in the works. Pule's outburst is revealingly rendered as a string of questions. She quite literally questions his behaviour; to question is to render strange, abnormal.

The behaviour of the other people in the shop is also revealing of what enables the repeated performance of the threats of violence against women in public. They act predictably by not coming to

the woman's defence but by pretending not to see. It is this averted gaze that normalises public performances of violence and threats of rape specifically. If people will pretend not to see, he has freedom to violate, and he says as much in his parting shot.

He cannot foresee Pule's actions to render him unsafe, to curtail his freedom to violate. This is why the spectators are also stunned by Pule: she seems unafraid. The conveyer belt has been interrupted.

This is what the young woman also confirms when she comforts Pule, referring to how pervasive this threatening behaviour is as well as in trying to convince Pule not to be too upset. The young woman refuses the normal, but she recognises that Pule rejects the aggression as normal. In other words, she exhibits an ambivalence that is striking: although not compliant herself, she is not quite as outraged as Pule is. What the exchange between the two women also illustrates is reciprocity. Pule's actions are in defence of the young woman, rendering the aggressor unsafe and fortifying the young woman's resistance. She responds aggressively towards the aggressor and helpfully towards the target. The young woman, in turn, recognises this and attempts to make Pule feel better. If Pule's gesture communicates to the young woman that she is not alone, the young woman's response to Pule is recognition of this solidarity and a return of the demonstrated care.

It is a strangeness that stuns the aggressor, rendering him unsafe as Pule will not be complicit. The safety of the aggressor lies in the absence of consequence, in a complicit and cowered audience, and a target that behaves appropriately: ignoring, shrinking, cowering.

A story such as this one highlights various things about the working of the female fear factory. When the man targets the young woman with increasing levels of aggression, he knows that although others feel uncomfortable and possibly disapprove of his actions, they will do nothing. She knows this too, and this is why she initially attempts to make herself invisible, to shrink. However, even when she decides to defend herself and responds by telling him to leave her alone, nobody comes to her aid. Helen Moffett has demonstrated a similar process in her essay "These women,

they force us to rape them", where she shows how rape functions as a very clearly understood tool of gendered social control of a gendered and raced Other. Although Moffett's essay has even more relevance for an earlier chapter in this book, I find her formulation of this social control as "an unacknowledged gender civil war" quite apt here. The young woman in Pule's story knows she is under attack from this young man and others like him. Yet, the averted gaze means there is no one on her side as the other shoppers behave predictably. In Pule's absence, nothing would mediate these acts of gender warfare against her. Moffett's essay title also has obvious connections to Pule's story; her quotation of a rape "justificatory narrative" rhymes with the words of the man in Pule's story. In that moment, she knows that she is in real danger of attack, and that nobody will likely come to her aid. He knows this too.

The other women in the shop know this too. Although they would undoubtedly appreciate someone coming to their aid when they are harassed in public, they do not act as they would have someone act in their defence. Consequently, a single man is able to hold several people hostage, all of them afraid of what he might do if they confront him.

When he threatens her with rape, it is the worst form of lashing out he can imagine. He knows that rape is something women will do anything to avoid, even as they know they cannot. He is also demonstrating his absolute power over her, the fact that she belongs nowhere and he everywhere. When he says "This is why we rape you," he communicates his total power over her. Unlike him, she has no choices, he communicates. She can surrender to one form of harassment or be subjected to another. Either way, she will be violated.

Pule's reaction ruptures this veneer of absolute power and shames the young man as violator who threatens even more violence. And, unlike what the others suspect, he retreats. He does not know how to deal with such unpredictable behaviour. He does not attempt to control Pule too. He leaves the shop. Pule's example suggests that one of the ways to change his attitude, and those of others in the

shop, is to interrupt the manufacture of female fear, rather than to cower to it. She refuses to 'mind her own business' and decides to contest his power by coming to the aid of the young woman who resists. She defeats the young man because she is uncowered.

The second story is that of Anene Booysen, the story of a young woman's betrayal, rape and murder. On 2 February 2013, Anene Booysen, a 17-year-old woman from Bredasdorp in the Western Cape was raped and disembowelled after leaving a tavern close to her home with the young man who would later be convicted of her rape and murder, whom she had known as her brother's peer. Discovered in a pool of her own blood with her intestines hanging outside her body, she was left for dead at a construction site not too far from her home. Her friend, Monisha Ruiters was quoted in Kate Stegeman's "Remembering Anene Booysen: The sound, the fury and the politicking", published in the *Mail and Guardian*, 11 February 2013, as having said "*Dit kan met enige een van ons nou gebeur. Dit was vir ons kinders 'n voorbeeld vir ons dat ons nie so laat loop nie.* [This could happen to any one of us. This was an example for us children that we mustn't walk around so late at night."]

Booysen's story is devastating in many ways because it is a story that highlights how elusive safety is for women. Booysen went to drink at a tavern that is in the same area she has lived for most of her life. It is located in her community, among people she has lived with, whose names she knows. She drank with people she knows, not the strangers that girls are often told to avoid in an effort to remain safe from harm. She followed the script given to girls and young women about safety – she did not go too far away, and when she chose to drink, she did so with people she knows by name. When she eventually left the tavern, she did so with someone who is her brother's peer, someone who was to act as proxy for her brother.

Booysen made sure not to leave alone, a decision she knew would put her at risk. She did what girls are told to do: she left with a familiar man with whom she had a relationship, a man

who would signal her protection to other men in public at night. She tried to protect herself by not making herself vulnerable. She knows women are supposed to be afraid to walk home alone at night – she had learnt this lesson of fearing freedom.

She had done all the right things for women who are out at night: left with a known man as possible protection. Women are routinely told that to be out without the possibility of male protection at night renders them vulnerable to rape, attack and murder.

In Anene Booysen's story, the terrorisation, breaking of her body and ending of her life seemed almost unbelievable in the sheer repetition of its violence. Throughout the country, people gathered together to commemorate her life, mourn her and reflect on what her rape and murder meant. There were candlelight memorials, marches, Fridays in which calls went out that we dress in white and others in black, and many other initiatives to mark this moment in the young woman's life, her death and what it sometimes means to be a young woman in South Africa.

Her death was terrifying and heartbreaking, and in many places people came together to testify to this. Some of the questions raised by her rape and murder remain. But there was also something else that reveals much about the psyche of South Africa and the female fear factory.

There was a frenzy to apportion blame on a range of people close to her. She was blamed for being in the wrong place at the wrong time, drinking out at night, walking the streets at night, all behaviour that patriarchy says is inappropriate for good girls. Sometimes callers to radio stations expressed a combination of shock and attempts to explain how such a thing could happen by slut-shaming and victim-blaming her. Her judgment was questioned by some who then quickly and condescendingly decided that her class standing meant she did not know better. Several others argued that this kind of brutality is what poverty reduces people to, thereby explaining away the responsibility that her attackers, rapists and murderers had. As days passed, the bizarre focus on the layers of supposed responsibility that everybody should have taken intensified: her parents, her foster parents who let her go out

at night and loved her so imperfectly that the only picture of her that was circulated initially was her ID photo, Anene who should not have gone out at night, the community that allowed this to happen, the business owners of the premises from which she was taken, the father who did not protect her adequately. Everybody but the men who tormented, raped, slaughtered and killed her were blamed.

On 11 February, Ferial Haffajee wrote a column "#WTF was she thinking?" in which she spoke of the fear she imagined Anene must have felt, a fear she could identify with as a young woman, the constant awareness of being at risk and the factors that ensured her safety. She wrote:

> When I read Anene Booysen's story, I was stunned by my journalistic retardation and my instinctive identification with her passport sized photograph. [...] The fear of attack was like my shadow growing up. Walks home from school were always made with eyes sharply strained, backwards, forward, backward.

Haffajee points to the pervasiveness of female fear, that she recognises what happened to Anene Booysen as the horror that all girls are reared to fear. This excerpt also shows that girls are taught to fear being in public places no matter what time it is: Haffajee would be in uniform, straight from school and still afraid of attack and rape. Later, in the same piece, Haffajee asks "Tell me Anene Booysen's life might not have turned out differently with better safeguards?"

But even as she asks this question, Haffajee knows that women cannot guarantee their safety, that no safeguards by parents or teachers or ourselves promise escape from the fear and the very real possibility of being attacked in public.

This is a follow up on her editorial published a day earlier as "Editor's note: Words fail us" in which she mentions the fact that Anene Booysen's foster mother had provided her ID picture, about which she now writes:

[t]he photograph looks like Anene was not a kid whose every life step was photographed. It looks like the only photograph ever taken of her – unlike loved children who are constantly captured on camera for posterity by adoring parents. [...] That's clue one.

Haffejee has many questions:

> Would Anene's destiny have been different with firm guiding hands of loving, doting, focused parents? Or would she only have been safe in a country where rape is not sport?

Haffajee credits various things that kept her, unlike Anene Booysen, safe: her protective, loving parents who watched her and brought her up properly and ensured that she did not 'go wild' with curfews, and her ADT security service and high walls as an adult. All of these mark her as very differently protected from Anene who "did not have parents of her own" as well as that "the young men who violated and killed her were also not cosseted and loved, to bring them to human wholeness and into a decent adulthood."

Haffajee's stance here is quite astounding, not least because of who she is, and her consistent writing against gendered violence in the past. She knows that loving your children does not protect them from harm. Cossetted children are molested all over the world, sometimes by people who should protect them. Anene Booysen's foster parents chose her and took care of her as best they could. They had to deal with the guilt of inadequacy that plagues even those parents who photograph their children obsessively.

To be sure, Haffajee is no rape apologist, as her record of anti-rape writing clearly shows. Yet, her stance on Booysen as evinced in these two columns is an interesting commentary on the workings of the female fear factory. On the one hand, Haffajee recognises that fear is a huge part of being in public spaces as a woman. She names it the shadow that followed her and her friends everywhere as a child, ever aware of the possibility of attack, watchful. She recognises that this continues to be a fear for many women in public

today, a fear that is constantly reinforced by various predatory men known and unknown – like the taxi driver that frightens the young woman she starts her second column in conversation with, and the young mandrax-smoking men in her building as a child. On the other hand, she argues that safety is a possibility for children with adequately structured and loving parenting.

Here was a scripting of rape blame as belonging to a whole range of people already traumatised by Anene Booysen's fate in a classic case of misplaced anger. Anene Booysen was both victim and shamed. But her foster mother did not rape and slaughter her. Furthermore, in a country where violence against women is indeed a 'sport' in which men from all backgrounds participate in alarming numbers, the class background of Booysen's murderers is not a convincing mitigating factor.

There are several named instances of the female fear factor in this story. First is the fear Anene Booysen felt herself, the fear she sought to mitigate by choosing a companion to walk home with. Second is the fear she must have felt when she realised that she was about to be raped and killed. Third is the fear she must have felt abandoned on that construction site, alone, when the worst had happened. Fourth is the fear her foster mother must have felt not knowing where her child was. Fear for the safety of your children is such a constitutive part of mothering in patriarchal society, and especially one as violent as our country. Fifth is the fear Haffajee speaks of – both the fear she felt as a young woman feeling vulnerable to attack by known and unknown men in public, and the fear she manages as an adult middle-class woman with various safety features in her home and car.

Finally, Monisha Ruiters understands the language of the female fear factory. Not only has she lost her friend, raped and killed by men they both know, but she has to face her own trauma and grief without reprieve from the manufacture of female fear. She notes that she too is unsafe, that all of them are unsafe. This could happen to one of them. It already has – Anene is one of them. But even this must be a lesson in the spectacular communication of the manufacture of female fear. It is a warning about what could

happen if they continue to walk around late at night, even in their own community. The lesson on adjusting women's behaviour and giving up access to public spaces is well communicated.

The third story is the story of a very special thirty-one-year-old woman who should have been the pride and joy of our country and her community. Eudy Simelane was a gifted midfielder who played for Banyana Banyana, the national women's soccer team, and an LGBTi activist.

Simelane was robbed, stripped, gang-raped, stabbed twelve times and killed the day after Freedom Day in 2008 in her home township of KwaThema, Gauteng, in what was recognised as a hate crime, and the targeting of Simelane because she was an out lesbian. She was not safe in her own township, her community as a woman, and was open to attack because even sports stars are unsafe when they are women. No amount of glory protects a woman from attack and rape and brutal murder.

There are many similarities between Simelane and Booysen even if they lived in different parts of the country. They were raped and killed by members of their own community, and their bodies mutilated in particularly horrific ways afterwards. They were treated in this manner in the very places they called home, by men they knew.

For an out lesbian, KwaThema is a particularly disturbing place for a hate crime. This is because KwaThema had an established, known and celebrated gay-subculture, where in the 1980s there were various expressions of out LGBTiQ expression in public as well as an established out community.

Such attacks on women, and on women who are out lesbians – even in spaces where they should feel safe – communicates the perpetual danger women face in public spaces. It is a reminder that they should be afraid, no matter where they are, afraid because they are women and afraid because they are women who love women.

The female fear factory also appeared as Themba Mvubu was seen muttering "I'm not sorry" as he left court after being

convicted of Simelane's murder and as accomplice to her rape. In court, it had earlier been revealed that Mvubu had instructed his co-accused Thato Mphiti to kill Simelane since she knew him and would therefore be able to identify him. This absence of remorse was notable since Mvubu's role in the abduction had been established, as had the fact that he knew Simelane.

At an earlier point in the criminal case, charges had been dropped against Tsepo Pitja, accused number four, the man who had fetched Simelane from her home prior to her gang rape, robbery and murder, much to the frustration of activists who applied pressure on the state to see the trial through. Such pressure had been necessary after several delays from various arms of the State including the Director of Public Prosecutions, the South African Police Services and the Prosecutor. In a public march organised by the Lesbian and Gay Equality Project and KwaThema community organisations and residents on 10 September 2008, the activists demanded "a thorough investigation" while raising "concerns over the DPP in referring the matter to the High Court" and insisting "that the Prosecutor make efficient consultations with the other two agents." One of these activists is quoted in the 7 October 2008 statement issued by this group as saying "He knows most of us. He is a known rapist and now we are scared that he will be outside and target us like they did to Eudy."

The lack of remorse by Mvubu and charges being dropped against Pitja contribute to a context where women's lives are unsafe and undervalued. Both knew Simelane, and she trusted one of them enough to leave home with him. Furthermore, that the criminal case of such a prominent woman had to be so closely guarded and activists had to apply constant pressure reinforces the disregard for women's lives within the criminal justice system as much as in broader society. While women are rendered unsafe in their communities, and are constantly reminded of this, including by seeing a man who is 'a known rapist', justice remains elusive for many. Under such conditions, fear becomes the shadow that accompanies women in public spaces in precisely the ways Haffajee outlined above.

Eudy Simelane's case was not an isolated case. Wendy Isaack, writing in the Lesbian and Gay Equality Project pamphlet, "A state of emergency: hate crimes against Black lesbians" in 2002, noted that:

> [h]ate crimes against Black lesbians must not be seen as a separate and distinct phenomenon from the high incidence of gender-based violence in this country. There are differences in so far as sexual orientation is concerned, yet before one is a lesbian, one is a woman. Her sexual orientation may nevertheless pose added difficulties and challenges in respect of her ability to access resources and services. On a daily basis lesbians are subjected to violence including rape in the belief that it will cure them of their sexual orientation. It is important to stress that patriarchal societies have always aimed to define and dominate female sexuality and self-determination. Women who live a self-determined sexuality challenge this man-centred system. In this respect, violence against lesbians is clearly linked to violence against women and to a world-wide patriarchal attitude.

The manufacture of female fear is concerned with regulating women's movement, sexuality and behaviour. What has been dubbed 'curative' or 'corrective' rape is a manifestation of this desire to control, monitor and police all aspects of women's lives. Lesbian women are marked as inappropriately sexual and the motivation or justification for raping and/or killing them often surfaces the desire to render them heterosexual. However, women assumed to be heterosexual are raped and/or killed at alarming rates. While lesbians are targeted in specific and regular instances, they are also to be rendered fearful of living their lives on their terms, in a collision of patriarchal and homophobic power that lies behind rapist men's senses of entitlement to women's bodies.

The fourth story is drawn from the work of Diana Russell. It is the story of a woman who chose the pseudonym Lulu Diba, who keeps news of her rape more than a decade earlier from her boyfriends

out of fear. Here, the manufacture of female fear is effected in ways that make Diba regulate information in order to self-protect. It is also evident in other ways in her story as the narrative reveals.

Asked why she conceals news of her rape from partners, she responds:

> Our men want us to be pure, so I never tell any of my boyfriends that I was raped. The problem is not about my losing my virginity. It is that being raped leaves a stigma. People do not sympathise with you. Instead they say you wanted it. Any black man who knows that I have been raped would lose interest in me.

This trauma from her past is suppressed as a way of managing the fear of being undesirable to partners. Rape, in this case, is seen as stigma that contaminates rather than inviting empathy. If she desires companionship, then, she has to disown this part of herself, fearful of the further damage it will cause in her present life.

Lulu Diba was raped by an acquaintance at university, at a party, during which his friends slapped and then tried to catch her as she ran away, half naked. A woman friend came upon the scene and disrupted the chain of events. It is one of those rare rapes where there were witnesses and such evidence was available. At the same time, speaking about her rape led to secondary victimisation by various people who were supposed to assist her in her recovery.

The first secondary victimiser was the Afrikaner District Surgeon about whom Diba reveals, "He said he was sick and tired of students being so careless. He said we asked to be raped and that we are not supposed to walk alone at night."

Her second was a police sergeant to whom she reported the case. Diba continues:

> The police sergeant was even worse. He told me that he would also like to have 'a taste.' '*I will come to your room*', he said. '*I will be gentle with you*'. I cried because I was so surprised and upset by his saying these things. He was a black man of about my age, so I expected sympathy from him.

At a student meeting the following week, two of the rapist's friends in the same course as Diba admitted that they had witnessed him rape her but denied that slapping and chasing her was an attempt to rape her too. She chose to have the Disciplinary Committee of the University handle matters and dropped the police case:

> because I wanted to avoid the questioning in court as well as publicity about being raped. I feared that news of the rape would reach my father's ears. My father is very strict and he would have been very hurt to know I had been raped.

She had to endure constant stigma and actual taunting by the rapist and his friends, ongoing interviews by lecturers in the Social Work department even though they were not part of the investigation, with professionals who are supposed to assist, choosing to add yet another layer of secondary victimisation.

Although the perpetrator admitted to raping her, he also claimed she enjoyed it and since her friend had only seen the aftermath and his friends would not act as witnesses, he was not disciplined. This meant that as Diba continued with her degree for two more years, she frequently encountered her rapist and his friends on the small university campus.

This compounded trauma has meant that eleven years later, when she narrates the story to Diana Russell, Diba still battles to speak about it to people she might lose. She informs Russell:

> [t]o this day, the rape is still my secret. Because I was blamed for it at the time, I always think people will be judgmental if I tell them. Sometimes I say to my girl friend, '*I've got something I want to share with you*'. She says, '*What is it?*' Then I tell her something else. I haven't even told my sisters. [...] I am very protective of myself because I don't want to be hurt again, so I don't become very involved in my relationships. I have good relationships with women and men who aren't my boyfriends.

Lulu Diba speaks of other rapes that were managed differently at her university, such as that of a woman raped by her boyfriend who did not report it as rape. She speaks as well of 'test matches', the name given to gang rapes at the university:

> Test matches involved a girl's boyfriend inviting her to visit him. When she accepted, he would put brake fluid in her drink which would knock her out. Then he and his friends would rape her. They did this to girls for very petty reasons; for example, if a woman's boyfriend thought she was too stubborn or that she felt she was too high for him. This was a way of punishing her, of bringing her down.

Commenting on Lulu Diba's experience at a South African university, Diana Russell notes that rape culture is widespread at university campuses in the US where the equivalent of 'test matches' is common. She also reminds us that "[d]enigrating survivors also discourages others from reporting." It also creates and reinforces a culture of fear for women who have access to this information, as well as to other rape survivors.

Lulu Diba's story has layers of fear. Because of her experience when she told the story to a range of people who should have come to her aid, as well as the fact that she was repeatedly blamed, slut-shamed and taunted, she fears further, similar repercussions. She also knows that her experience is not isolated, and names other women at her campus who did not report their rapes for fear that they would also be shamed, blamed and taunted.

Rape culture trivialises the experience of rape, reducing it to sex and denying harm. It also uses various techniques to trivialise specific rapes as well as all rape. Writing of her experience at the Mitchells Plain Crisis Line, Dawn Adams notes the similarities between the shame felt by clients around battery, incest and rape. She continues:

[t]he rape survivor invariably feels that what happened to her is at least partly her fault. She is then scared to speak out, due to feelings of guilt, and sometimes might fear retribution. Another problem we face here is dealing with the stigma attached to this crime, which causes so many perpetrators of this violent crime to go free.

If women fear that they will be punished for being raped and for speaking about it, and they see evidence of this repeatedly in how other women who survive are treated, it makes sense that although many go for counselling, they may choose not to report it to the police.

I could narrate many more stories. But we all know stories of rape and fear. Many of us live them directly and indirectly. Rape is the threat that the manufacture of female fear promises if we do not keep each other, and ourselves in check. At the same time, the enactment of rape reinforces this fear. When we see other women experience it, and when they are further victimised for having survived it, fear is reinforced.

The female fear factory is a lesson in subjugation. Yet, it does not fully succeed because it is sometimes interrupted, and although rape is almost impossible to predict and to avoid with certainty, women dedicate enormous amounts of time changing their behaviour in order to "prevent/avoid/limit it in their lives" to use Liz Kelley's formulation.

Most rape research globally suggests that women are more likely to be raped by men they know than to be abducted in public by men they may not know, or men they may not know well. This literature is often held up to debunk the notion of rapists as strangers. Feminists do not argue that nobody is ever raped by a stranger, only that these cases are the exception rather than the rule.

This is something that is very often taken for granted as a given, and the experience of service providers for survivors very often support this. However, in the South African situation, there is a case to be made for patterns of public abductions of women by men they do not have a relationship with. While women sometimes recognised the faces of the men attempting to/abducting them in the jackrolling in what was then the Transvaal or other gang-rape abductions in the Cape Town townships or Durban concerts in the 1980s and 1990s, this recognition was often because some of these men were notorious serial rapists. To recognise the faces of certain men because you have witnessed them abduct women in public before is not the same as knowing these men. For all intents and purposes, these men are strangers.

The same can be said of the practice of ukuthwala, which although not new, seems to have gained prominence in some rural areas of the Eastern Cape and KwaZulu-Natal. The men who abduct young women, sometimes children, are not always known to the women they attack. And, since abducted women for purposes of forced marriage are often raped before payment is exchanged as *lobola*, this site presents another instance of strangers abducting/attacking women in public. I am not referring to those instances of staged ukuthwala where lovers agree to this beforehand in order to force their families to agree to an otherwise resisted marriage.

I raise these two types of abductions partly because of the generation of South African women I belong to and because I remember how much time my peers spent discussing the fear of being jackrolled or being accosted by iintsara when they went back home for the holidays from boarding school, as well as very vivid recollections of loved ones whose bodies friends held onto in resistance when a notorious gangster sought to abduct them. In my early teens, I also recall the sudden obsessive watchfulness of my mother towards me and my sisters when we visited Nkgono in rural Matatiele, as well as the anxious whisperings when girls whose breasts had just barely sprouted were being abducted by men from neighbouring villages who wanted to turn them into wives.

The female fear factory, and the fear of gendered violence in public spaces is therefore not simply symbolic. It is also part of the recent experience of growing up as a woman in South Africa

and witnessing young women your age disappear and return, if at all, with broken spirits. This is a significant part of the collective unspoken, and it requires that we temper our allocation of stranger rape to the margins of our anti-rape work. While it may not be a significant part of how most women experience rape today in South Africa, it is a large part of the narrative of rape for those of us who were teenagers in the eighties and early nineties.

Public threats of violence against women, and widespread sexual harassment in public places are part of how women are rendered fearful because the manufacture of female fear is a public phenomenon. In a recent conversation, I was asked how attitudes of men can be changed in relation to different dimensions of gendered violence. Most people in the conversation argued that education about the real harm and prevalence of violence against women would go a long way. I am not convinced that this kind of education works. Given the fact that the female fear factory as well as the specific manifestations of public abduction for rape I discuss above happened openly, and were witnessed by different genders, I am not sure why men from these spaces would need education. Surely men who walk the streets hear women sexually harassed, turn away from threats of rape issued around them, and are therefore part of the same factory women are pulled into.

Increasingly, and along with Beth Quinn, I suspect that:

> gender differences in interpreting [gender based violence] stem not so much from men's not getting it. [...] but from a studied, often compulsory, lack of motivation to identify with women's experiences.... Men learn that to effectively perform masculine identity, they must, in many instances, ignore a woman's pain and obscure her viewpoint.

The averted gaze is implicated in this choice to ignore, as we saw in the story involving Lebo Pule earlier in this chapter. The young man's response to the woman who resisted his advances understood her intention but chose not to value it. This is because, as Quinn notes again:

> Sexually [violent] behaviors are produced from more than a lack of knowledge, simple sexist attitudes, or misplaced sexual desire. Some ... are mechanisms through which gendered boundaries are patrolled and evoked and by which deeply held identities are established.

I am often surprised by the ability of some men and women who publicly opposed gendered violence to mutate and speak differently when away from the public glare. Gender-based violence discourse in South Africa is both very loud, in important ways, and very dangerous.

Walking out of a radio discussion on Kaya fm once, a man who represented a men's organisation that teaches men to unlearn violence against women, who had minutes before shared the work they do with men to help them unlearn patriarchal entitlement to women's and girls' bodies, turned to me in the parking lot and tried to entangle me in a conversation about how some forms of rape are understandable (between lovers) but that the rest of it needs to be fought because it is brutality. I would name the organisation if I still remembered its name, but since it was not one whose work I had been familiar with prior to the interview, I now battle to recall it.

I have lost count of how many times I have fought with, or heard of another person fighting with, a scholar of masculinities who says that men have a crisis. Two years ago, at a meeting about sexual harassment at the institution that pays me, several male colleagues bemoaned the manner in which they feel unsure and under attack, don't know whether to leave their doors open, how to talk to women students who so often come on to them, but they don't want to tarnish their careers. This is part of the backlash because we are now required to make them feel better about being men in the world in ways that ensure we stop talking about what is under discussion: the routine violation of women because we are women.